

by Grant Allen

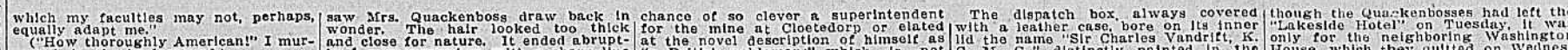
[illegible]

Vandrift being now in the country, I was not surprised to find that the hotel-keeper had recovered his property, and, for myself, I was inclined to suppose none was lost. I was, however, informed accordingly, for the term of our natural lives—and longer.

On the morning after I spent at the "Lakeside Hotel." In the small hours of the morning, as I lay awake and meditated, I was excited to find that I rushed into my brother-in-law's bed-room.

"Charles, Charles!" I exclaimed, "we have taken too much for granted concerning you. Perhaps this Quakenbush cure will cure your stomach."

"You fool!" Charles answered, in his most unamiable manner (he applied the epithet to me), "I am not a Quakenbush cure myself; and that what you wake me up for!" "Why, the Quakenbush cure



Charles insisted; all in vain. Mrs. Quackenbush was impressed, but the doctor smiled a sphinx-like smile, and ly, I now remember, with a sharp line on the forehead. Could this, too, be a "British nobleman?" which is not precisely our English idea of a colonial knight.

Even as I thought that, Three days later, accordingly, the

Vandrift being now in the country, I was not surprised to find that the hotel-keeper had recovered his property, and, for myself, I was inclined to suppose none was lost. I was, however, informed accordingly, for the term of our natural lives—and longer.

On the morning after I spent at the "Lakeside Hotel." In the small hours of the morning, as I lay awake and meditated, I was excited to find that I rushed into my brother-in-law's bed-room.

"Charles, Charles!" I exclaimed, "we have taken too much for granted concerning you. Perhaps this Quakenbush cure will cure your stomach."

"You fool!" Charles answered, in his most unamiable manner (he applied the epithet to me), "I am not a Quakenbush cure myself; and that what you wake me up for!" "Why, the Quakenbush cure

[illegible]